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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE LOVELY THINGS OF EARTH.

The lovely things of earth, I think,
The Master loved, where'er they be,
The palm-branch shaking in the sun,
The tall grass waving like a sea.

How often he in gardens paced
For the deep peace they give the heart,
Or underneath the olive shade
On lonely hills went far apart.

It must be he on many an eve
Watched the red sunset from some height,
And knew next morning one should see
The dewy day dawn fair and bright.

Felt not the lilies of the field
A thrill sweep through them like a breeze
When, bending there, he said the king
Was not arrayed like one of these?

O beauty of the sea and sky,
The rainbow with the colors seven,
Still do you make this common earth
Seem like the ante-room of heaven!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

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REWARDED.

"One strove for wealth, with all his might and main
To find that he had hoarded gilded trouble;
One strove, with all his skill, men's praise to gain,
And grasped, at last, an empty, wind-blown bubble;
One lived a holy dream, through loss and pain,—
His work, for all his pains, repaid him double."

A Negro won the oratorical prize at Olivet College, Michigan, this year. The day for the black man is dawning.

Statistics show that more than six million persons are employed on the Sabbath in the various industries in the United States.

An immense audience cheered when Oxford University conferred on General Booth, of the Salvation Army, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. It was something worth cheering. In their hearts people all around the world will cheer when they hear of it, for General Booth belongs to the world—and to God.

All who know Mark Twain will rejoice in that the great University at Oxford, England, has given him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Sydney Brooks, writing concerning him in the London Chronicle, says: "More than any other man living has Mark Twain made the world laugh. But his humor has always been on the side of the angels. He has gibed at much, but never at anything that made for goodness or nobility." Doubtless Mark Twain prizes that utterance more than he prizes the degree. Blessed the humorist concerning whom such words can be said!

That was a beautiful tribute which the Rev. Dr. Bradley of Pilgrim Church, Cleveland, paid to the Rev. Dr. McLean, of Pacific Theological Seminary, in the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley last Sunday. Dr. Bradley stated that he had come from Siam as a boy thirty years ago to enter school in this country; that his first Sunday here he heard Dr. McLean preach in the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Oakland and thought as he listened that it was worth while to be a minister if a man could preach like that. Today, said Dr. Bradley, some of the conditions are changed. "I stand in the pulpit and Dr. McLean sits in the pew." But the profound respect engendered for that stalwart servant of God on these Pacific shores, as he listened that day thirty years ago, he said, had never changed nor waned.

Helen Gould was accustomed to say that her father was one of the best of men. In the home life there was manifest only the best side of the man. In business there was another side that came most to the knowledge of those who came thus into association with him. A few days ago Mrs. Harold McCormick of Chicago, a daughter of John D. Rockefeller, said: "My father is a much-persecuted man. It seems the more remarkable, inasmuch as he is not an enemy to anybody in the world. He is one of the most genial, great-hearted men in this whole world. He lives in the clouds with his God rather than with worldly things. It is his greatest pleasure to promote happiness among those with whom he comes in contact." Would, then, that Mr. Rockefeller could come in contact with the men working for $1.60 a day in one of the great business enterprises which he controls! It is evident from this statement by Mrs. McCormick, from the life led by Mr. Rockefeller, and from what is seen in many other lives, that lessons in ethics are needed. Such books as the one by Shailer Mathews, reviewed in our columns this week, would plant some good seeds in the minds of such people if they should read them.

Father Yorke of Oakland is hardly a safe man to be abroad. Quite frequently he makes some astounding and highly unwarranted utterances. The most recent is that while attending the meeting of the Catholic Education Association in Milwaukee. It was there that he said: "The conviction of Schmitz was by a jury of capitalists. As an instance tending to show the character of the jury I need cite but one fact." And then he proceeded to tell of the juror who went home and whipped his wife, and presented him as a sample of the rest in character. This was despicable. There were some fine Christian men on that jury; and it was not a jury of capitalists either. Father Yorke has magnified their possessions just as he magnified the crowd that welcomed Schmitz home from Europe —when he stated that 5000 waited from seven in the evening till one in the morning to greet him. The majority of them waited in bed. Then, too, it is strange that Father Yorke shouldn't have sense enough to know the reading public everywhere would know that the following from his lips was a "whopper": "The whole thing out there is politics, or a determination of certain wealthy men to get Mayor Schmitz out of office and make it impossible for him ever to be a candidate again. Schmitz is popular in San Francisco. He has been elected three times, the last time after he had been indicted by the grand jury. There really was no evidence disclosed at his trial, when he was convicted, that was not already known." Were we not familiar with Father Yorke's utterances when at home we should think that he had been incorrectly reported in the East.

ONLY TWO NEGRO DELEGATES AT THE SEATTLE CONVENTION.

Only two Negro delegates were in attendance at the Christian Endeavor convention in Seattle. It is said that the Negroes residing in Seattle ignored the convention. The two who came from a distance were the Rev. Dr. W. T. Jones of Richmond, Virginia, and the Rev. Dr. W. H. Brooks of Washington, D. C. Distance had something to do with this attendance. The unpleasantness which arose over the refusal of one of the Seattle hotels to entertain them kept many away. Usually there are about an hundred Negro delegates.

While in Seattle Dr. Brooks wrote the following poem which was read by him at a meeting in one of the churches:

"I see the lambs of the fold,
You've sought and striven to keep,
But brother, tell me where
Is the Master's lost black sheep?

The Shepherd gave his life,
'Mid sorrows dark and deep,
To bring again to the fold,
And home, his lost black sheep.

Go, as he bids you, then,
And glory you shall reap—
Go, bring to him his own;
He loves his lost black sheep.

Think not the fleece's hue
Can ever render cheap
What, in his sight, hath worth
Like the blood-bought lost black sheep."

These colored brethren from Richmond and Washington had no complaint concerning the treatment accorded them while in Seattle; but it is evident that there is among the Negroes in Seattle and in different parts of the country considerable feeling against the local C. E. committee.

CITIES WITH GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

All the larger cities on the Pacific coast are cities of great expectations, and reasonably so. In the not far-distant future there will be several that will have a population of a million each. Which city will lead in population no one can tell at present. The editor of a paper at Eugene, Oregon, assumes, however, the role of a prophet and says: "Thirty years ago I predicted that Portland would be the metropolis of the North Pacific both in point of population and importance as a seaport; and I think no one can say my prediction has not come true. I now believe that Portland is destined to be the largest city on the Pacific coast, San Francisco not excepted." Doubtless Seattle will question emphatically the declaration that Portland is, now, the leading city of the Pacific Northwest. Each has had a remarkable growth during the last half dozen years, and each will in the next few decades climb up very closely to the half million in population. In Los Angeles there is a not inconsiderable number of people who cherish the belief that their city will reach even the million mark as early as 1925. There is no doubt that the Owen's river water project, the bringing in of water for the city and the surrounding country from a region two hundred and fifty miles distant, will give Los Angeles a great uplift. A city the size of Los Angeles that can attempt so great an enterprise is justified in anticipating great results.

But what shall be said, in the midst of these anticipations, concerning the cities on San Francisco bay? Great advancement will be measured here also. San Francisco, cleansed of her corruption, chastened by her hard experiences, will ere long take her old position of supremacy and leadership, and together the cities of the coast will move on to their exalted destiny. Not many years hence the combined cities on the east side of the bay will have a population exceeding that of San Francisco. Then will come a tunnel under the bay, and eventually some such union as will forever put Greater San Francisco at the head of the procession on the Pacific coast.

VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS AT THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.

It was a Canadian, the Rev. Dr. Wilson of Toronto, who, at the Christian Endeavor Convention in Seattle, stirred up some enthusiasm for Vive-President Fairbanks as the next Republican candidate for the Presidency. At one of the sessions in one of the churches Dr. Wilson made an address in which he said:

"I am proud to be in this great country and proud to be able to see and talk to your honored Vice-President, who, I hope, will at the next election prove to be the worthy successor of the great man who now occupies the Presidential chair. Charles Warren Fairbanks is adorned with every attribute to make him fit for the greatest office in the gift of the American people. He will make a great President and fill the office as worthily as he does the office that he now holds."

A minister who occupied a seat on the platform began to applaud, and the large audience joined heartily. As soon as this ceased the Rev. Dr. Dille, who was presiding, arose and remarked:

"Our brother from across the border may be accused of injecting politics into this Christian Endeavor meeting, but if to indorse a man for the presidency who believes in the purity of the home, the overthrow of vice, the destruction of the saloon and the purification of American citizenship, is to be called politics then I am perfectly willing to have this meeting go on record as supporting Charles Warren Fairbanks for the presidency."

The Seattle times says: "This sentiment was tumultuously applauded by the audience, and the Vice-President smiled sweetly."

In the address which Mr. Fairbanks proceeded then to make, there was no reference to anything political. It was on Good Citizenship.

According to all accounts Mr. Fairbanks captured the convention and the people in general while he was in Seattle. The Times, a Democratic paper, says: "Mr. Fairbanks has been pictured as reticent, non-magnetic and ministering. He has, evidently, been misrepresented. He gave many evidences of possessing a sympathetic nature."

The day Vice-President Fairbanks spoke in the great convention tent on Our Country President Clark of the Christian Endeavor Society in introducing him said:

"Mr. Fairbanks is a good man, or else he would not be occupying the position as the second man of our nation as he does. Mr. Fairbanks is a Christian man. Christian men, I am glad to say, have occupied the Presidental chair of our country for many years past and the destinies of our natioin have been in the hands of men who have stood on the side of God. It would be possible on this occasion, continued President Clark, to incite a political demonstration, but from what I know of Mr. Fairbanks, I know that nothing of this nature will occur."

At a meeting of Methodists in Seattle during the convention Mr. Fairbanks spoke of the hope long entertained by him of a union between the Methodist churches North and South. A few weeks ago at Chattanooga, at a conference attended by the leading Methodists of the South he said:

"I have never allowed the opportunity to pass without raising my voice in favor of the accomplishment of this great purpose. It has seemed to me that the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, were too broad and generous in their purposes to be confined to distinct and separate fields. The field of their endeavor should be the entire United States, and they should, as a united body, enter the foreign missionary field. The alignment of the two great bodies of Methodism along an old-time sectional division is not in keeping with the progressive spirit of our great Church. Sectional prejudices have died away. Sectional hates are buried and, in God's providence, buried forever.

"It is gratifying to observe the increasing friendly relations between the different branches of our Church. We are coming more and more in fellowship with each other and to sympathize with each other. I believe it is the part of good Methodism, yes, of good Americanism, for us to bring about an organic union between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. I understand full well that the way is not free from difficulty and that the end so devoutly to be wished is not immediately at hand, but I have faith in the good judgment of the great body of our Church. I believe that we shall in the exercise of a catholic spirit work out the great problem of ultimate union, and that the two great branches of Methodism will be merged so that their jurisdiction and their potential influence will be as broad and comprehensive as the limits of the great republic. I want to see Northern bishops going South and Southern bishops going North. I want to see our bishops and ministers interchanged between the North and South without regard to any old-time divisional lines. I may not live to see this, but I have faith to believe it will in God's good time be accomplished. I believe in every movement which will tend to knit the different sections of our country into more perfect union and to strengthen more and more that fraternal spirit which should forever exist between them."

If Mr. Fairbanks can be prominently instrumental in bringing about such a union as the one he longs for it will be a great achievement—the greatest of his life. Better this than to be President!

The Rev. Dr. Henry N. Hoyt of Hyde Park, Massachusetts, is in California for a brief visit. Dr. Hoyt was pastor at Sacramento from September 1894 to January 1898.

THE WORLD OUR COUNTRY.

Gradually, everywhere, people are coming to a realization of the fact that the world is their country. The old Greek philosopher, Seneca, realized this and said it. The thought was embodied in the teachings of Jesus and in the declarations of Paul. It is coming to the front more and more every year, and eventually will shape the destiny of mankind. Recently there was in Montreal a meeting of the American Institute of Instruction. The superintendents of this Institute, the president of the National Education Association, and others, were appointed to prepare and present a report on peace teaching in the schools. It was as follows:

"Neither industry, commerce nor national politics can now be successfully conducted without a new world-consciousness, a broader sympathy and a sense of international obligation to protect, rather than to exploit the weaker races. The rising generation needs to be taught a new point of view regarding these matters.

"At the International Congress of Teachers in 1905, at which eighteen nations were represented, an entire day was devoted to the theme, 'What can the schools do to spread the peace idea?' The result was definite and practical recommendations, including the special celebration in the schools of May 18, the anniversary of the opening of the Hague Conference. Beginning the celebration in this country with the action of the school authorities in Massachusetts, and Ohio in 1905, five other States, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Kansas, joined with them in 1906 in authorizing the schools to hold special exercises on May 18. This year other States have done likewise. We trust that in all States next year, the schools will devote part of one session to teaching the principles for which the Hague Conference stands.

"To present properly the new and encouraging international viewpoint care must be taken not to confound international war with civil war—a problem for each individual nation which it may take longer to solve. The achievement of international peace should be shown as the most hopeful of all reforms, in spite of the stupendous growth of military budgets in recent years. The same peace between nations can soon be assured as that which exists between Ohio and Indiana or between Chicago and Philadelphia. This is no Utopian dream and involves no change of human nature.

"Had the last generation been instructed properly in the spirit of international justice and of the brotherhood of man we should not see today our government spending in time of peace as much annually for armaments as upon all our public schools from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and our total bill for militarism would not annually reach the stupendous sum of two-thirds of our national income.

"We recognize the new industrial and commercial conditions which the limitation of time and space and labor have wrought by means of inventions, and we are preparing to meet these new conditions by industrial training and business courses. But are we equally recognizing the need to prepare the rising generation to meet the new problems of organization which the vast intermingling of races and the complex political and commercial relations of the twentieth century will create? The new internationalism must inspire a larger patriotism—one that declares our

country is the world and that our countrymen are all mankind."

Years ago John Ruskin had a vision of what is sometime to be when he wrote:

"Put off, put off your mail, O kings,
And beat your brands of dust!
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,
Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lance's point,
And break the helmet bar
A noise is in the morning wind
And not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths
The glittering hosts increase—
They come! They come! How fair their feet!
They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,
Our enemies' and ours!
For all the clouds are clasped in light,
And all the earth with flowers,

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew;
But wait a litle while,
And with the radiant deathless rose
The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing,
Shall feed by streams of rest;
Nor lamb shall from the flock be lost,
Nor nursling from the nest."

There has been improvement since then; but the world is yet far from the desired goal. Instruction is needed as well in our own land as in other lands. Accordingly The Pacific hails this instruction in the schools.

THE MORNING COMETH.

There was great rejoicing in San Francisco, and far more widely, on Wednesday of this week when it was announced that Dr. Edward R. Taylor, a pioneer citizen of high standing, had been selected as mayor, and had consented to act, notwithstanding the fact that it necessitated considerable personal sacrifice.

Dr. Taylor's utterances as he enters on the duties of the office have the right ring. We put the following first, because it is **first,** and should be first: "The first essential to good government is perfect order, and I shall employ every arm of the law to the end that such order shall prevail."

Being asked in this connection as to his attitude toward unions, Dr. Taylor replied: "As Mayor I know no union man nor any organization man, but every man as a man. Every man looks as tall to me as every other man. I am opposed to all class legislation and class government."

With such a man as mayor we may look for violence to cease in San Francisco; it will not be safe, as it has been in the very recent past,— even the last few days—for gangs of desperate men to mob and murder openly on the streets of the city men whose sole offense has been that they would not yield to the dictates,—yes, the tyranny—of a class.

The following also by Dr. Taylor is worthy of emphasis: "I am going to do the best I can for the city without regard to partisan politics; and, so far as I am concerned there will be no partisan politics." And this also: "Had any pledges been exacted of me by those who tendered the office, I would not have considered the tender for the one-thousandth part of a second."

The people of San Francisco ought to give profound thanks to God that such a man as Dr. Taylor has come to direct in municipal affairs. The coming of such a man is only to help. And if through him order cannot be brought out of chaos we shall begin to despair of San Francisco. But we believe that God's chastening hand is about to be withdrawn; that the lesson is being learned. May it be so learned that the city will never again be cursed by officials seeking only the things of self!

And now let the prosecution press on in its work and send all grafters, whether business men or officials, to San Quentin for periods so long that whenever San Quentin is thought of men will shudder at the shadow of the least temptation to walk in their footsteps.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD AGAIN.

Soon again it will be "President Garfield." Not, however, of the United States, but of Williams College. It is especially appropriate that a son of the man who said that a log in the wilderness with Mark Hopkins on one end and himself on the other would be college enough for him, should become president of the college the destinies of which Mark Hopkins directed for so many years: Professor Harry Garfield of Princeton University has been chosen to succeed the present president, the Rev. Dr. Henry Hopkins, and will enter on the duties of the position at the end of the next academic year. Mr. Garfield is forty-four years old, and has attained success and distinction both in law and in business. In 1903 he was invited to take the chair of politics in Princeton University which Dr. John H. Finley vacated in order to take the position of president of the College of the City of New York. It was a work which appealed to him, and he accepted the call. Now, he turns from that to the larger work—that of the presidency of one of our great historical colleges.

THE JAPANESE IN HAWAII.

The Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder writes as follows in the **American Missionary:**

"Hawaii's immigrants are almost entirely from the poorer farming class. Yet they show a marked tendency to rise. Two of the largest wholesale Japanese establishments in Honolulu are run by men who came here as 'coolies.' In fact, outside of the banks and some five large mercantile houses which are branches of Japanese firms, practically all the large and small business concerns are captained by ex-'coolies.' Outside of Honolulu all over the islands one meets with prosperous Japanese shopkeepers, nearly all of whom came over as contract or other laborers. One of the ablest evangelists of the Hawaiian Board emigrated to Hawaii in the same capacity. He became a Christian, then returned to Japan to study and is now a most successful, devoted missionary. A physician well known among his countrymen in this city arrived years ago as a contract 'coolie,' saved his money, crossed to San Francisco, earned a medical education, returned to the islands, passed his examination and is a successful practitioner.

"It is doubtful whether any other race immigrating into America can show in the first generation a larger percentage of men who have risen from the poorest

estate to large competence than can the Japanese of these islands.

"A great, generous, over-prosperous giant like the United States ought to be ashamed of itself for legislating against such a people."

A LOOK INTO SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS.

Thoughts From Well-filled Store-houses.

Anecdotes And Illustrations.". By R. A. Torrey. Mr. Moody is quoted as saying to one of his able associates, who ranked high as a Bible expositor: "You don't put enough windows in your sermons. No one can do it better; but you get so interested in your subject you go on and on with argument and proof text, until the audience is weary. You should wake them up; let them see out and in through a window—use pointed illustrations." This volume of anecdotes and illustrations will show what use Dr. Torrey made of "windows" in sermons. Both in its suggestiveness and in the furnishing of material for illustrations it will be of value. The following shows the many means God uses to bring people to the life in Christ: "When Mr. Moody visited New Haven in 1878 I was a student in the university there. The ripest scholar in the university at that time, if not the ripest in America, was President Woolsey, ex-President Woolsey of Yale University. One night a young man went up to hear Mr. Moody preach, and President Woolsey sat on the platform; and when they sang the gospel hymns President Woolsey, himself a gray-haired scholar, joined in singing the hymns with all his heart. That young man said: 'Well, if one of the greatest scholars in America can sing those hymns in that way, there certainly must be something in it.' And he was converted, not through Mr. Moody's preaching, but through President Woolsey's singing." [F. H. Revell Company, New York, 75 cents net.]

"The Simple Things of The Christian Life." By G. Campbell Morgan. Dr. Morgan writes in this volume in his usual instructive and inspiring way on The New Birth, Holiness, Growth, Work and Temptation. In the article on Growth we find the following: "Some years ago a member of one of my former congregations, a Christian woman of refinement and of great consecration, went to stay in the home of her sister in the country, where she had stayed for many years. Her sister was a woman of the world, engrossed in worldly pleasures and interests. When my friend was leaving the home after a stay of two weeks her sister, taking her by the hand and looking into her face, said: 'I do not understand your religion, but I will tell you one thing; it has made you far easier to live with.'". Am I easier to live with? Here is one of the tests of growth. In the article on Temptation, Dr. Morgan says: "I have no sympathy, no patience with those who say the young should not be ambitious. They ought to dream dreams, and see visions, and climb mountains, and fight battles, and strive for success. God so made them. But the enemy comes and says: See, that is a rough and rugged road to the temple of fame. That is a hard and difficult hill. You will be long years toiling up it. Come with me, and I will show you a short cut. Know that voice for the devil's own. He is the prime inventor and patentee of short cuts. The man who would be rich by a short cut is devil-led find him where you will. The man who would get his kingdom by half a moment's homage to some whispered evil suggestion of unrighteousness is devil-led. That is temptation, and its principle of appeal is always the same, the attainment of a right end by a wrong method. [F. H. Revell Company, New York, 50 cents net.]

"Life On The Uplands." By John D. Freeman. It has been said that the author of "Life on the Uplands," which is an interpretation of the 23d Psalm, does for the Psalm what Henry Drummond did for the 13th chapter of First Corinthians. In his opening chapter Mr. Freeman says: "Had David done nothing more in his lifetime than teach mankind to say 'The Lord is my shepherd,' he would have conferred an inestimable boon. In this single sentence he has given to the world a conception of God that floods the spiritual imagination with ruddy light. It is a great rose window set in the temple of truth, through which the whole radiance of the eternal streams in and falls with softened splendor on the minds of men." The author makes an entity of the psalm by preserving in his treatment of it the figure of the Good Shepherd throughout. "Shepherd life as, David knew it, was a life essentially emotional and devotional. Shepherdhood, as David exercised it, was a relation at once so affectionately solicitious and so ingeniously resourceful as to be akin to motherhood. For the sheep of eastern lands live in their shepherd. He is the center of their unity, the guarantee of their security, the pledge of their prosperity. For them, pastures and wells and paths and folds are all in him. Apart from him their condition is one of abject and pathetic helplessness." It was as a shepherd that the realization came to David that though he was a helpless creature, in the great world-wilderness, he was neither forsaken nor forgotten. "He too belonged to a tended and guarded flock. His own life, like that of his dependent sheep was 'a life in love.'" Through many a troubled day of his checkered career David must have carried that precious thought in his heart," says the writer. "In his poetic nature it was the seed of a song. And it must often have come to the verge of its unfolding. One day, we know not when, but it was a blessed day for the world, a special inspiration smote him and the seed burst into blossom. On that day he gave the world this perfect lyric of religious trust, a lyric which has sung itself into the hearts of a thousand generations, and will sing on until its music melts away and blends with the harmonies of heaven." [A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, 75 cents net.]

"The Teachings of Jesus In Parables." By George Henry Hubbard. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," so quotes the author of this volume, and continues: "The universal love of a story is the magic touch of nature that brings together all classes of men and holds with equal attraction the old and the young, the wise and the unwise, the rich and the poor. Hence the stories or parables of Jesus have been in every age the unfailing source of most popular gospel preaching. When abstract truth palls upon the conscience or fails to reach the understanding, the parable arouses attention, quickens feeling, and spurs to action. There is that in the parable itself which will hold the attention and stir the soul even when the exposition of it is most commonplace. This

is no excuse however for slovenly work. The rather should we give the parables our best thought and our most earnest study, since they will repay us so richly." This is what the writer of these studies has done, and an exceedingly helpful book is the result. Here is a thought worth heralding: "Every fruitless disciple is a parasite in the kingdom of heaven, sapping its divine life and giving nothing in return. One cannot live a useless life without injuring others as well as self." And in an age when the spirit of commercialism, the increasing disposition to demand material reward for every service, the custom of carefully balancing work and pay is undermining character, the following is important: "The best service is never adequately paid in this world. The president of Harvard College receives no larger salary than the chef of one of Boston's leading hotels. The best men in public office, whether municipal or national, have ever been those that have accepted the trusts to which they were chosen at great personal sacrifice. * * * He who limits his work by the pay he receives, though he adjust the balance never so accurately, is a public malefactor. Men may call him honest, but he cannot escape the judgment of God, who calls him unfaithful. This is the penalty of such measured service—loss of joy and satisfaction in the work itself, deterioration of skill and power, and a general lowering of the whole tone of mankind. He only can escape the moral and spiritual decay that result from commercialism who resolutely exalts the ideal of duty above reward, who is supremely conscious of the debt he owes to the world, and suffers himself to forget what the world owes to him. Not to win applause or to accumulate merit, but to discharge the soul's indebtedness, is the ruling motive of every true life." In the article on the Parable of the Talent, writing of the loss of power to develop character the author says: "And that is the certain result of faithlessness. Look where you will you may see the law at work with terrible regularity. A muscle is unused. What of it? Merely that no valuable work is accomplished? No; far worse than that. The muscle perishes. The musician neglects his art. Day after day passes and he leaves his instrument untouched. Friends wait in vain for the sweet tones that have so often delighted their ears. The symphonies are not rendered, the oratorios are silent. The weeks are impoverished; but that is a trifle. The worst is yet to come. At length he seeks the organ once more and runs his fingers over the keys. Alas! Where is his old-time skill? The hands have forgotten their cunning. The joints are stiff and awkward. The artist has degenerated into a blunderer. No less sure is the operation of law in the higher realm. Moral power unused deteriorates. Character is paralyzed by inactivity. Not only do we wrong our Maker and our fellow men when we fail to exert a true and helpful influence in the world, but we ruin ourselves by destroying our moral power." [The Pilgrim Press, Boston; pages 507, $1.50 net, postage 18 cents.]

Word comes to us indirectly that the Rev. E. E. P. Abbott has resigned as pastor of the Logan Heights Church, San Diego. We are sorry for any church and community that loses Mr. Abbott. He is one of our choicest, and most scholarly men. Mr. and Mrs. Abbott are in Los Angeles for a time, with the hope that Mrs. Abbott may improve in health by the change.

THE CHURCH AND THE CHANGING ORDER*

In the new book by Professor Shailer Mathews, of the chair of historical and comparative theology in the University of Chicago, we have one of the most important publications of recent times. Unquestionably there is a changing order. What shall be the attitude of the church to this changing order? What shall be its part in bringing about the new order? What its relation to that order? These stand among the great questions of the day.

Professor Mathews well says: "The relation of the church to the various intellectual, religious and social phases of the crisis is more than an academic question. It is a matter of life and death for both the church and the new social order. No man who faces it honestly can treat it flippantly. He will not view it with that myopic optimism that besets the most cautious of us, but neither will he, after the fashion of religious demagogues, condemn the church as an outworn institution. Christianity is no dying faith. It is splendidly vital. The church is not moribund. It faces dangers, but they are born of its strength quite as much as of its weakness. It is not as completely in touch with its age as it should be, but it can be brought into closer union with the other forces that are making our new social order."

This volume is an able effort to bring the church more into touch with those forces, and should have wide circulation and reading.

In considering "The Church and Scholarship" and "The Church and the Gospel," the author shows that there is danger that the church become indifferent to scholarly procedure and lose largely its influence with the scholarship of the world and the educated classes. He says, however, that there is already discernible a danger that in the persons of some of its "modern" representatives "it shall mistake negation for scholarship and dubiety for illumination." The position is that "a theology may be liberal and scientific and not be unevangelical," and that in loyalty to the gospel on this basis lies the hope of the church.

Accepting to considerable extent the conclusions of historical criticism Professor Mathews gives attention to the allegations that the gospel has been destroyed by such criticism, saying: "This charge has a measure of justification. If the conclusions of certain radical critics are the legitimate and the only results of the critical process, one may very well abandon any attempt at preaching the gospel in the New Testament sense of the word. But these conclusions are not likely to prevail except among those who live in the highest altitude of the anti-supernaturalism. It is not that the method employed by men like Schmiedel and Van Manen and Schmidt is incorrect. It is the only permissible method. The real difficulty lies in the fact that such critics use as criteria of their normative processes certain pre-suppositions and ingenious guesses are to what things are not and cannot be. One may follow their method as long as it is genuinely comparative, but when it comes to a choice between on the one hand a risen Jesus possessed, not, it is true, of ordinary flesh and blood, but of genuinely

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*"The Church And The Changing Order." By Shailer Mathews. MacMillan Company, New York; $1.50 net.

objective reality, and on the other hand a belief on the part of the apostles in a risen Jesus which was merely the product of hypnotic suggestion, the church must choose the former. Criticism itself suggests the choice. For, except in the case of such of its phases as are controlled by certain phases of philosophy, the tendency of criticism is toward a larger recognition of the historical aspects of the New Testament."

Passing to "The Church and the Gospel of Brotherhood," the thought is: "The church can prepare men for heaven only by teaching them how to live upon the earth. The gospel of the risen Christ is also the gospel of regenerate men building the eternal life into a fraternity that must some day include all social relations. For the heart of eternal life is aggressive, privilege-sacrificing love like that of Jesus himself."

"To make men Christians is to make society fraternal. Economic oppression must vanish from a Christian society as slavery and branding vanished. He must violate his Christian nature who seeks his own things rather than the things of others."

Professor Mathews is careful to state that "genuine religion in our modern world is not an affair of a community, but of the individuals of a community." "Regenerate men are the only material out of which to construct a regenerate society," is one of his expressions. And he asserts that there is "need of a sturdy insistence upon the sinfulness of sin." In this connection the following is worth quoting: "The pulpit has partly abandoned attempts to arouse moral discontent in the human soul and has been giving prominence to congratulatory descriptions of men as the sons of God. Admirable as this hopefulness regarding humanity may be, it will be a sad day for society if its moral teachers undertake to widen the strait gate and broaden the narrow way. The changing attitude of the church toward customs and ideals it once frankly condemned may be due to a clearer sense of the legitimacy of much that gave attractiveness to Greek culture, but it is not sufficient to base all appeals for repentance and restitution upon the joy of living. Society needs to be convinced afresh of the elemental distinction between evil and good as redefined by the changing condition of our ever more complex life. Knowledge is not virtue and art is not righteousness. A social order devoted to either must be steadied by ideals that are drawn from the fundamentals of the gospel of Jesus for which the church stands."

In the consideration of "The Church and Social Discontent," there is asked the question, "How shall the church meet an attitude of mind that, unless changed, threatens the further extension of at least Protestant Christianity?" Then come such thoughts as these:

"The church must now train its members to conceive of morality in terms of the relation of an individual to society itself. Under the individualistic concept of morals and religion a man might be a good church member and be honestly desirous of the salvatioin of other men's souls, and yet see in business and politics fields of activity which lie outside of the truth and ideals which he professed in his church relation. Such men were not and are not necessarily hypocrites. They simply may not have been trained in the real content of the truth they profess to hold and the regeneration they profess to have experienced. But it is the fault of the church, if from this time on they do not either become conscious of this hypocrisy or repent. The church, if it would stand for fraternity, must insist upon this socialization of privilege. Until it faces this duty, it is idle to expect to be treated seriously by those who do not share its privileges."

The author proceeds to state that the privileges of social life are largely in the hands of church members, and that so to inspire these privileged Christians with ideals of love and sacrifice as to lead them to extend these privileges would be one of the most effective ways of allaying discontent and forestalling radicalism. "Will the church dare undertake such preaching of self-sacrifice on the part of the winners in life? is a question asked; and the remark is: "The answer to this question will not come from the pulpit as much as from the pews. For it is a question whether the men who employ the minister will permit him the freedom of the true prophet of God." And herein is found one of the dangers to the church—that of ceasing increasingly to be of any significance in an age of transition.

It should be noted that the author sets forth not only the demand that the church shall inculcate self-sacrifice as the duty of those of its members who belong to the privileged classes, but that it shall also stimulate a discontent with merely materialistic ideals on the part of those among whom discontent is as yet almost the only evidence of an awakened idealism. In other words, "It must seek to Christianize discontent by making genuine Christians of the members of the discontented classes."

In a chapter on "The Church and Materialism" it is said: "To bring spiritual idealism into the production of wealth is just as imperative as to bring it into the distribution of wealth." If it should be said that the individual is powerless to further the spiritual ends in an environment that is tyrannically materialistic the word is: "But it is precisely to such men that the call of Jesus must be brought by the church. Calvary may mean to them the bankruptcy court. The cross may mean to them penury and the contempt of former business associates."

In discussing the materialism and commercialism of the age, it is said: "Materialism is not to be guaged by income. It contaminates the wage-earner as truly as it contaminates the millionaire." And while it is shown to be incumbent on the church to assist in every legitimate way labor's struggles for the good things of life, it should combat that tendency to gross living and those sordid estimates of life which so greatly threaten the masses.

Evidently Professor Mathews has a vision of an age when there will be real fraternity and brotherhood, and he would have the church lead in ushering it in. In a closing chapter he asks: "Will the church inspire its members with this passion for spiritual realities? Will it train up men and women who will place wealth and physical pleasures in the true perspective of the good things of life? Or will it choose silence or academic generalities or indiscriminate denunciation as the easier alternative? Will professedly Christian men and women praise the martyrs of the sword and of the fagot and forget that the gospel calls for witnessing against the idolatry of creature comforts and the allurements of animalism as truly today as in the days of Domitian and Decius? Is it too much to hope that the disciples of the Prince of Peace shall show as much loyalty to his cause as the unhappy Russian revolutionist devotes to his? Will

the church grow tolerant enough to insure a united front against its real foes—materialism, sensuality, greed, class hatred, merciless struggle for wealth?"

No one can follow the writer of this book through its two hundred and fifty-five pages and fail to realize that "today as never before there is a call for heroes in full sympathy with the scholarship, and the discontent and the hopes that possess the new age, yet filled with faith in a God of justice and love."

What is needed in our land today is a social life in which honesty and kindliness shall not be a hindrance to any legitimate success in business, in politics, or in any avenue in life.

It is important also that a large element in our midst be brought to realize that "the welfare of society will never be furthered by making religion an anesthetic for social unrest."

To these ends Professor Mathews in this book makes valuable contribution. We close our review with this comprehensive word as to the church: "If it is to bring sanity into the social movement, it must get into touch with that movement. Preaching by itself will accomplish little. The church must put the spirit of brotherhood and sacrifice into every one of its members, and particularly into those who are in touch with the unprivileged masses. A Christian employer or a Christian member of a labor union is a point of contact between the church with the changing order. Christian ideals must be incarnate in Christian men before social forces will be Christianized."

COMPENSATION.

From one of the readers of The Pacific at Lodi there came in a recent letter these words:

"The paper has been a great comfort to me this past year. I have never enjoyed it so much, since as a little girl I used to watch for the stories in the children's department. I always appreciate the poem on the title page. Often it is an old friend, and it is pleasant to feel that others are enjoying it with me; when it is new, it often seems as though it were meant for me."

The letter which contained these words came early in June, and the memory of it, from time to time, has helped over some trying experiences in the publication of the paper. It is only the evidence that comes in, not infrequently, in one way and another, that The Pacific is a help and a comfort in various ways to a not insignificant number of people that makes it possible for the present writer to go on with it under the difficult conditions. The paper never has been, and perhaps never can be a paying venture in the life-time of anyone having to do with its publication now. Religious papers all over the country have been having for the last ten years a harder struggle than they had previously, and there are no indications of anything better for them for some time. But we never placed a higher estimate on the religious paper that we do at present. And all who have to do with their publication, even though they are limited in circulation, exert much influence for good.

That was a pleasant letter which came last week from the president of Pomona College in which were the words: "You have put me and Pomona College under very great obligations. I want to emphasize our appreciation of what you have done. Though you may not be in a position to give an hundred thousand dollars to Pomona College, you have certainly made us a very beautiful gift."

In the knowledge of such things as have come to us in these and other letters there is compensation far more valuable than any money compensation can be. But money is necessary to keep the paper going along in the work which it has been doing for fifty-seven years now. Therefore it was a pleasure to open a letter from Seattle the other day and find an enclosure of five dollars for a year's subscription, instead of two dollars. We have heard it said that The Pacific isn't worth two dollars a year; but there are some people who think that it is worth even as much as ten dollars a year.

Among the Churches.

California.

San Francisco, Japanese.—Four persons were added to the membership at a recent service.

Fresno.—Four persons united recently with the Japanese branch of the church at Fresno.

Los Angeles.—It is hoped to have the new house of worship for Plymouth Church completed by the middle of September.

San Francisco, Park.—The pastor, the Rev. T. R. Earle, is very sick with rheumatism. The pulpit was occupied Sunday by the Rev. C. E. Chase.

Ceres.—Two persons were received to membership on confession of faith the first Sunday in July. The Rev. D. Goodsell is serving as supply.

Los Angeles, Vernon.—Nine persons came into the fellowship of this church at the last communion services. Attendance is good both morning and evening.

Pasadena.—A call to the pastorate of the West Side Church has been given the Rev. Dr. Loba of Evanston, Illinois. The church at Whittier has also called Dr. Loba.

San Rafael.—The Rev. C. H. Stevens, pastor at Oroville, is spending his vacation in San Rafael, and is supplying the pulpit. Two persons were received to membership last Sunday. Mr. Stevens regards the outlook for the church as good if a pastor can be secured soon.

Campbell.—The pastor's wife, Mrs. Geo. E. Atkinson, is visiting relatives in Spokane, Washington, for a month. She will then go on to her mother's in Wisconsin, where Mr. Atkinson will join her in the fall, when he goes to Cleveland as delegate to the National Council.

San Francisco, First.—Evening services have been started again. There were 90 in attendance last Sunday evening, which is considered a good attendance for evening services in the part of the city in which the First Church is situated, under existing conditions in San Francisco.

Oakland, First.—The pastor goes this week on a vacation which will extend into September. The first two Sundays of his absence the pulpit will be occu-

pied by President McKenzie of Hartford Theological Seminary; the next two by the Rev. David Beaton of Chicago; the other Sundays by President McLean of Pacific Theological Seminary, the Revs. E. L. Walz of San Francisco, F. M. Price of Berkeley and A. B. Patten of Santa Rosa.

Chula Vista.—The parsonage at Chula Vista was the scene of a happy gathering July 2d. It was the 35th anniversary of Rev. and Mrs. A. E. Tracy's wedding. The people learned of the fact and came in large numbers to surprise them. Deacon Alfred Barber, with most cordial words of appreciation and affection, presented the astonished pastor and his wife $53, since made $55. The ladies had not come empty-handed; they served the company to cake and ice cream. It was a most delightful evening, with promise of many days of pleasant fellowship to come.

Santa Cruz.—Twelve persons were received into the membership of the church Sunday, July 7, all adults, three by letter nine on confession. One of those received was baptized by immersion by the pastor. The service was especially for the old people unable to attend service, who were brought to the church by automobile and carriages. The communion offering was for the Ministerial Aid Society. Rev. Mr. Atkinson, formerly of San Rafael, assisted in the communion service. The congregatioin was very large, many summer visitors being present. Rev. M. Willet writes that he will be here for the Golden Jubilee in September, and at that time he will remain and occupy the pulpit for a month.

Washington.

Seattle.—The Rev. G. N. Edwards of Port Angeles has been called to be assistant pastor of Plymouth Church. Mr. Edwards has resigned at Port Angeles, has accepted the call, and will take up the work the third week in August.

Medical Lake.—Rev. R. B. Hassell has resigned the pastorate at Medical Lake, Wash., the resigna- to take effect Sep. 1. The church is united and the relation between pastor and people has been a happy one, but Mr. Hassell finds it possible to carry out some long cherished plans for study and travel, and so steps out of pastoral work for a year or two. During the two years he has been at Medical Lake the church membership has increased 50 per cent, many improvements have been made, and all financial obligations are met promptly. The church is now looking up a successor in the pastorate. There is not likely to be any candidating. Mr. Hassell was called on his record without having been seen or heard, and the church has been so well pleased that they are disposed to try it again. An interesting feature of the work at this point is the Sunday afternoon address to several hundred of the inmates of the Eastern Hospital for the Insane. Mr. Hassell's address during the fall will be Everett, Wash. He will be open to engagements as pulpit supply for a time.

Professor Wicher of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo has been given the honorary degree of doctor of divinity by Park College, Missouri. The Rev. Mr. Vosburg of the First Baptist Church of Oakland has received the same from Colgate.

JOTTINGS.

San Mateo and Burlingame.

One called to visit cities and villages in California seldom finds one that is not growing. One or two specially cursed by the presence and dominance of the saloons, have seemed to have scarcely more than a name to live, but in general, even saloons cannot stop the growth.

San Mateo is a growing town; one ought perhaps to use a stronger term and call it city, for it is said to have 6000 people in it. You do not see it very plainly as you ride by on the train, but it is manifest in walking its streets, which once seemed wide enough but now are becoming conspicuously narrow. It has the village aspect quite up to the Burlingame line, and north of that the multitude of new homes makes the city reappear.

Our church is keeping pace, I think, with the growing city. The attendance on its services last Sunday were comparatively such as befit vacation days, but were larger both morning and evening than this writer has been wont to find there in past years. And the dear old building, dating back to days anterior to the call of Dr. Warren to the superintendency of Home Missions,—the fruit of his last labors as a pastor, has put on new life within and, in part, without. Words of high appreciation were spoken of Mr. Kimball both as a man and a preacher. Fresh, strong, spiritual, earnest,—thus he is described.

What interested me most is the beginning made at Burlingame. We have a Sunday-school there conducted in one of the rooms in a very large and beautiful school house, erected close to the southern line of the town. There were four or five ladies present as teachers, and as bright and hopeful a company of pupils—45 or 50 of them—as you would find anywhere. Occasionally, I understood, a preaching service accompanies the session of this Sunday-school. Last Sunday, my heart went out in full tide of sympathy to the one young man, sent to take the place of the superintendent, but utterly at a loss how to proceed. For where the cabinet organ should have been there was a pile of lumber, and while he could sing, he could not lead the singing unsupported by the organ. I had noted as I came to the door a man hard at it mixing mortar. The young man had seen me at the morning service in San Mateo, and made his appeal at once. We had a good time together. Two of the ladies could rather timidly start a song, and once started the children took it up and they—the songs—went well, three or four of them. The lesson-leaves had not arrived, and Bibles apparently there were none. So the school was resolved into one class, and the visitor talked to them, and an hour was spent almost before we were aware, so close was the attention. But the visitor came away saying over and over again to himself: Something else than this **must be done and done forthwith.** A pastor ought to be on the ground forthwith; a man capable of grasping the fine opportunity; not one who will settle down in a study and say, "The people must look after the business, manage the finances, buy the lot and build the chapel," but one quick to see, alert to act, with tact to tap the great reservoirs of wealth which are gathered there, and to secure a central location and a comely and convenient chapel,—the lecture-room of a projected church, and to do this quickly. No time should be lost. When our new Superintendent of

Missions visits the place he will doubtless see and feel likewise.—W. C. P.

A VISIT TO A TIBETAN MONASTERY.

Grace E. Agar.

In December some of us missionaries went to the Tibetan monastery, with its 500 monks, in Chone City. We wanted to see their religious dance. We were kindly received, far differently from ten years previously when the missionaries were driven out with sticks; we were taken up a dark winding staircase to the upper veranda of a temple and the door locked behind us to keep out the crowds. We found a small group of rich Mongols with their wives in gorgeous red silk; a Turk in his Russian clothes of "devil's skin" (so-called here), and some friendly Tibetan priests with their close-cut hair and red robes, who served us with tea and explained the dance as we looked down upon it. Suddenly we heard the deep, dismal bellowing of trumpets, clash of cymbals and thud of drums! Two of the guardian gods of the city ran down the steps of the monastery to the court. They glared at each other as they ran; they danced, keeping step, swaying an arm, twirling on one foot, frolicking restlessly to and fro. Tibetan and Chinese Buddhists prostrated themselves reverently before the monsters. A little child of our party cried with horror at the sight. The priests on duty kept back the crowd with sticks and trumpets; drums and cymbals sounded continually.

The gods were two ordinary Tibetan priests, wearing yellow dragon masks, graceful silk dresses red boots, big hats with high metal ornaments. These were soon summoned in by the hurried beat of the drum and cymbals to make room for other pairs each wearing different colored masks and dresses embroidered with gold, costing $800 each. Soon into the court came two wearing deer and yak masks,—the gods over these animals. They were followed by a masked stout old man assisted on each side by a servant. He represented a Tibetan priest who in ages past saved by his saintliness the Empire of China from falling into the hands of another dynasty. He ranks as one of the chief saints. Though grown almost helpless with age he resolved to worship to the last, and assisted by servants he painfully prostrated himself before the gods.

Finally along the veranda were spread mats and the Tibetan priests in red robes and yellow helmets seated themselves in long solemn rows and their low voices droned monotonously like a mammoth hum of bees as they chanted to the sound of drum and cymbals. Look at these long rows of Tibetan monks—the religious leaders—held in great reverence by the people, but men of gross immorality and idleness; the only class among Tibetans who can read. One or two sons of nearly every Tibetan family become priests. At six or so years they go to the monastery, their consciences to be seared in these hot beds of idleness and vice. They finally become priests and live by what they can make by chanting for the sick or at funerals, etc.

May the young people in our churches look at these long rows of red robed figures—dying souls—and may God call out those who will come as heralds of the gospel to these and the other classes among Tibetans.!

After the chanting a figure of barley dough was made and thrown on the ground for evil spirits to eat; it would appease them and keep them from injuring people for a while.

We prayed that at this time a blow would be struck at Buddhism in the hearts of those who would finally be saved in this city; that Satan, the "strong man", be bound in their hearts.

A great general quarrel occurred at the monastery that prevented the annual ceremonies of one day. There was a great falling off in interest, not many attending the religious dance this year compared with that of year previous. Oh, may God work here! May He call out a people for himself among Tibetans! Our missionaries preached on the street to the crowd and sold books, assisted by two Chinese Christians.

At the missionary home, many guests were received at this time; every sleeping place for guests was occupied. In the morning we found that one hardy Tibetan had taken his rest upon a board out in the yard, but they think little of this, many sleeping in the snow in their sheep skin garments, their arms for pillows, when out on the road.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." **"Go"** doesn't mean **"stay at home."** if you are able to go, does it? "Behold I come quickly." Yes, this is our hope out here on the missionary field; it uplifts us and cheers us to know Jesus is soon coming back again, and it urges us on, for we know the time is very short. Our dear Chinese Christian woman leans upon this truth in her troubles—"Jesus will come and at any moment."

Money for missions will not please God, will it, if he asks for **you yourselves** to go to the mission field, and **if** it is given instead of **yourselves**?

Taocheo, China.

Humanity has two supreme efforts in which it is engaged. Its first object is to educate itself and the second is to govern itself. The struggle from rude hieroglyphics to the modern printing press is the story of humanity's education. It has been a long and fierce struggle against the grotesque shadows of superstition and dense clouds of passion and ignorance. The spirit in man refuses to remain in the forest or a part of the forest. He fights darkness, passion, animality, following every ray of mental light toward the open fields of intelligence. There is an insatiable instinct in the soul, a craving for intellectual acquirement, which cannot be hushed. To be is to think. The joy of knowing, and the joy of acquiring, and the joy of a life illuminated with information compensate for all the struggle and effort to educate. The great educators, Plato, Virgil, Shakespeare, Bacon, Jonson, Milton, Browning, Tennyson, have added "the light of life" to the world. Education refines the blood in our veins, tones down the savage passions of the soul, and enlarges and enriches the volume of human life. Education is of vast importance in a free republic. The educational convention in Los Angeles last week was of large meaning to the whole country. The character of the American citizenship will not be much beyond the standards of the American public school teacher. Education is more than mere cunning ferreting out the secrets of the natural world. The immortality of the soul, the sense of direct responsibility to God, the nice adjustment of personal conduct to the world of people about us, the fixing and maintaining of a high, moral standard are all counted in the process of education. Self-control, self-inspection, self-adjustment are attributes of a modern education. Education is not the development of sheer tricks and astounding freaks, but the development of character and genuine manliness.

The Home.

SUNDAY VISITING.

"John White and family 'Sundayed' at George Brown's."

"Mrs. Charles Jones entertained the Smith family last Sunday."

Such are the most frequent news items in our local papers. What is the significance of these items? Usually they mean that certain persons did not attend church, but spent Sunday in social visiting.

There is no command in the Scriptures in so many words prohibiting visiting on the Lord's Day. No doubt some kinds of visiting are by implication commended. We ought to comfort and assist the sick and the needy on that day as well as other days. This our Saviour clearly showed by his example. It is still more important to help others in a spiritual way. But the larger part of the visiting that is done on Sunday is of a worldly kind and often involves much extra labor in preparing meals. Does such visiting make for the health and righteousness of the people? Is it not often the case that those who entertain on Sunday find themselves more weary than they do with their ordinary work? Is it right thus to use the day that God ordained for rest and worship? Are those of us who are entertained obeying the law of love in thus burdening others?

"The Sabbath was made for man." It was made for his highest good, but is such use of it for his highest good? Do people find real rest in this way?

There is another aspect of the matter that deserves serious consideration. Under the direction of the Holy Spirit the apostles founded churches. In accordance with the plans of Christ churches have been organized in our own time. These churches our Lord intended should sustain public worship. They are not for the purpose of furnishing entertainment, but all the people should meet together at least on the Lord's Day to worship God. All should join in the public prayer and listen to the reading of the word of God. We are commanded "not to forsake the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is." There can be no doubt that Sunday visiting diminishes the church attendance. What does the Lord think of it? If all should visit on the sacred day there could be no churches. If there were no churches our civilization would pass away and property and lives would be insecure. Ought we not, then, on the Lord's day to be found in the Lord's house? Is it right for us to shirk our part of the responsibility of maintaining the services of the sanctuary? Is it right for us to discourage the preacher by our absence? Is it in accord with the commandment, "Thou shalt love they neighbor as thyself," to say nothing of the first commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart"?

The tendency of social visiting on the Lord's day is towards the destruction of the churches, and when that shall have been accomplished the bulwarks of our freedom and the pillars of our civilization will be no more. Not only is there a loss to society in diminished attendance at church, but those who remain away lose more than they know. Their souls are not fed. They lose the moral strength that they might have obtained by spending the day in the services of God. They begin the labors of Monday with a weakened moral and spiritual vitality. It is true that some who do attend church are morally weak just as some who attend school never become thinkers or scholars. But those who absent themselves from the house of God to engage in social visiting dishonor their Maker, injure their neighbors and miss rich spiritual blessings. "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in his temple."—G. B. Hopkins.

ON BEING BORN POOR.

"Do you know what's bothering me now?" said a man who has made himself rich and is fast getting richer. 'It's wondering what is going to become of my boys.

"I have four sons, all young, and all wholesome, natural youngsters, but if I keep on making money the way I'm doing now I don't know what's going to happen to them when they grow up. There's nothing like being born poor to give a man a real start in life, with his feet firmly planted on the ground, where they ought to be, and he learning to rely on himself.

"I was born that way, and I've always been grateful for it. If I had been born rich I think I should have been more or less of no account. I had to get out and hustle and work to get along, and the habit of work has never left me since, as I hope it never will.

"But how is it going to be about my boys? They may come to think that they don't have to work, which would be the ruination of them, or would at least put them out of the running with self-reliant, able men.

"I'm send them to public school, of course, and there they learn a heap of things besides what they get out of their books. They learn for one valuable lesson that there are other people in the world besides themselves and that there may be plenty of people smarter than they are, and that they've got to work if they expect to keep their end up.

"Boys are democrats. You can't put on any lugs or airs if you expect to get along with the boys in a public school, and I hope my boys will profit by it.

"But I suppose in time they'll go to a private school, and then if they want to they'll go to college, and there, what with their money, unless they should turn out to be hard-headed young men, they will come to train with other young men with money, and so get separated from the bulk of their fellow-students and begin to live by themselves; and I can't imagine anything happening to a young man worse than that, his getting away from the mass of his fellowmen.

"My boys have never known what it is to be poor. They have always had what they wanted, and unless I should fail or bust up or something, which I don't expect to do, I don't see why they shouldn't always have things, because as long as I had anything I should be sure to keep them. That's human nature.

"And, you see, there's the trouble. They've got somebody to lean on, and a man that doesn't have to isn't apt to put out his own strength. The only way in which a man can ever amount to anything is by work, hard work.

"The man that doesn't work dwindles and comes to be of no account. And I do hope my boys will want to work. I don't care what they do if they'll only work at it, and work hard and faithfully. I think

they're handicapped as it is; honest Injun, I think it would have been better for them to have been born COMMON TWO .....
poor, but I hope they'll turn out to be men."—New York Sun.

The Quiet Hour.

NEW BLESSINGS.

John G. Whittier.

For still the new transcends the old
In signs and wonders manifold;
We need but open eye and ear,
To see God's mysteries always here.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden times and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

FRAGRANT LIVES.

The flowers got into a debate one morning as to which of them was the flower of God; and the rose said: "I am the flower of God, for I am the fairest and the most perfect in beauty and variety of form and delicacy of fragrance of all the flowers." And the crocus said: "No, you are not the flower of God. Why, I was blooming long before you bloomed. I am the primitive flower; I am the first one." And the lily of the valley said modestly: "I am small, but I am white; perhaps I am the flower of God." And the trailing arbutus said: "Before any of you came forth I was blooming under the leaves and under the snow. Am I not the flower of God?" And all the flowers cried out: "No you are no flower at all; you are a come-outer." And then God's wind, blowing on the garden, brought this message to them: "Little flowers, do you not know that every flower that answers God's sweet spring call, and comes out of the cold, dark earth, and lifts its head above the sod and blooms forth, catching the sunlight from God and flinging it back to men, taking the sweet south wind from God and giving it back to others in sweet and blessed fragrance—do you not know that they are all God's flowers?" All they that take this life of God, and, answering it, come forth from worldliness and darkness and selfishness to give out light and fragrance and love, they are God's flowers. There is not one of us who cannot bring something of this life to our fellowmen; no matter how arid your life is, no matter how dull it is, no matter how poor it is, it is possible for you to be the giver of life to your neighbor—life to your neighbor.—Lyman Abbott.

TRUE RELIGION.

Religion is not something outside of us; it is something within us. It is not for God alone; it is for man and for man as much as for God. Indeed, we reach God only through our work for man. Religion has nothing mysterious about it; it did not drop from cloudland; it is a parfectly natural phenomenon. It issues forth from within. It flows from the good heart; it is the giving hand, it is the righteous deed, the loving act, the good life showing itself in all conditions and circumstances of man's varied and varying existence. Religion does not mean worship alone. It means worship plus the desire to match the Being whose greatness and majesty instinctively draw from us the prayerful word, which should not return empty, but bless him who uttered it with the inspiration of that life to whom it is poured forth. Religion is not simply a matter of rite and ceremony; it is a matter of rite and conduct. Its whole content and intent can be summed up in the words, "Walk before Me (God) and become perfect." Man in his endeavor to match infinity is living out the true purpose of religion.—The American Israelite.

Young People.

HOW TO WIN SUCCESS.

"How shall I win success in life?" the young man asked; whereat
"Have push," replied the Button, "and a purr-puss," said the Cat.
"Find out the work you're sooted for," the Chimney Sweeper said,
Just as the Match and Pin remarked, "And never lose yur head."

"Aspire to grater, finer things," the Nutmeg cried; and the Hoe
Said, "Don't fly off the handle," and the Snail remarked, "Go slow."
"Be deaf to all that's told you," said the Adder. 'Mid the strife,
"I've found it best," remarked the Heart, "to beat my way through life."

"Select some proper task and then stick to it," said the Glue.
"Look pleasant," said the Camera, "and tied-y," said the Shoe.
"Have nerve," exclaimed the Tooth; the Hill remarked, "Put up a bluff."
"And keep cool," said the Ice; whereat the young man cried, "Enough!" —Nixon Waterman.

WHY THE EVERGREEN TREES KEEP THEIR LEAVES IN WINTER.

One day, a long, long time ago, it was very cold; winter was coming. And all the birds flew away to the warm South to wait for the spring. But one little bird had a broken wing and could not fly. He did not know what to do. He looked all around, to see if there were any place where he could keep warm. And he saw the trees of the great forest.

"Perhaps the trees will keep me warm through the winter," he said.

So he went to the edge of the forest, hopping and fluttering with his broken wing. The first tree he came to was a slim silver birch.

"Beautiful birch-tree," he said, "will you let me live in your warm branches until the springtime comes?"

"Dear me!" said the birch-tree, "what a thing to ask! I have to take care of my own leaves through the winter; that is enough for me. Go away."

The little bird hopped and fluttered with his

broken wing until he came to the next tree. It was a great big oak-tree.

"O, big oak-tree," said the little bird, "will you let me live in your warm branches until the springtime comes?"

"Dear me," said the oak-tree, "what a thing to ask! If you stay in my branches all the winter you will be eating my acorns. Go away."

So the little bird hopped and fluttered with his broken wing till he came to the willow-tree by the edge of the brook.

"O beautiful willow-tree," said the little bird, "will you let me live in your warm branches until the springtime comes?"

"No, indeed," said the willow-tree; "I never speak to strangers. Go away."

The poor little bird did not know where to go; but he hopped and fluttered along with his broken wing. Pretty soon the spruce-tree saw him, and said, "Where are you going, little bird?"

"I do not know," said the bird; "the trees will not let me live with them, and my wing is broken so that I cannot fly."

"Yu may live in one of my branches," said the spruce; "here is the warmest one of all."

"But may I stay all winter?"

"Yes," said the spruce, "I shall like to have you."

The pine-tree stood beside the spruce, and when he saw the little bird hopping and fluttering with his broken wing, he said, "My branches are not very warm, but I can keep the wind off because I am big and strong."

So the little bird fluttered up into the warm branch of the spruce, and the pine-tree kept the wind off his house; then the juniper-tree saw what was going on, and said that she would give the little bird his dinner all winter from her juniper berries. Juniper berries are very good for little birds.

The little bird was very comfortable in his warm nest, sheltered from the wind, with juniper berries to eat.

The trees at the edge of the forest saw it all.

"I wouldn't take care of a strange bird," said the birch.

"I wouldn't risk my acorns," said the oak.

"I would not speak to strangers," said the willow. And the three trees stood up very tall and proud.

That night the North Wind came to the woods to play. He puffed at the leaves with his icy breath, and every leaf he touched fell to the ground. He wanted to touch every leaf in the forest, and see all the trees bare.

"May I touch every leaf?" he said to his father, the Frost King.

"No," said the Frost King, "the trees which were kind to the bird with the broken wing may keep their leaves."

So North Wind had to leave them alone, and the spruce, the pine and the juniper-tree, kept their leaves all winter. And they have done it ever since.—Ex.

A TRUE HERO.

It was hot. We were thirsty and tired; even the ears of our donkeys hung flapping about their faces as we slowly scuffled along through the dust of an Arizona desert toward a Zuni Indian pueblo. We could see it in the far distance, a black, square hill outlined against the horizon.

Soon we came to little patches of potatoes, watermelons, beans, onions, cantaloupes—in fact, all sorts of garden vegetables. After having lived several months on "surveyors' stores," tinned stuffs, and smoked meats, we were glad to see the gardens.

A queer village it was—just one great house, looking for all the world like a lump of mud on the end of a shingle. It was four stories high, with not a window-pane in any one of its three hundred rooms.

The Zuni Indians made us welcome, and brought jars of water to us, for washing, drinking, and cooking purposes. And water is the most precious thing in that region for hundreds of miles.

As soon as we had rested a little while, we started to look about, and almost the first person we met was a young Indian dressed in uniform—not quite a soldier's uniform, but very much like it. We approached each other, and, after shaking hands, he addressed us in English, making us welcome to Zuni, hoped we would find it convenient to stay a long time and asked us to make his home our headquarters while we were in that vicinity.

In traveling this wide world over, I have never come across a braver man than that Indian. Amid poverty, squalor, and lack, he was living the life of a Christian gentleman among his people, unashamed of his life or theirs; doing all that he could with skill and tact to bring them to better things, both in their methods of work and in their spiritual life. He was a graduate of the Indian school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He loved his people with a surpassing love. They were poor, ignorant, dull, superstitious, lazy, dirty. He was a highly-cultured gentleman, and here he was giving them, without any hope of pay, the fruit of long years of toil and study in learning the laws and lessons that have made the white man what he is.

He had one room in his home fitted up with the conveniences of civilization, white curtains at the windows, a fine Navajo rug on the floor, a brass bedstead, books, pictures, bric-a-brac, a guitar, a sewing-machine, chairs, and a table. His days were spent in the fields, teaching his people how to cultivate their soil in the best way, how to care for cattle, how to work in wood, wool, and iron, and, as he had opportunity, he read to them from the Bible and other good books—all the while himself living the higher life. It was slow, discouraging work; the customs of centuries cannot easily be altered.

It takes a braver man to live a life like that than it does to face a cannon, but when the victory is won for the right, as it surely will be, it is a victory of peace, which always counts for more than the bloody victories of war.—Stanley DuBois.

"ABIDE IN ME."

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs a hand divine;
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer Thine!

Abide in me! there have been moments pure
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy power,
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be!
Fulfill at once Thy precept and my prayer,
Come and abide in me and I in Thee.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

HUMAN CHARACTER.

Beautiful is the lily when, springing from its vigorous stalk, it lifts its pure white face to the sun; but when its stem bends with weakness, its face is wrinkled and its whiteness fades into a dirty, yellowish tint, it is a pitiful, repulsive object. It is even so with human character. When it is adorned with the graces of the spirit of Christ, and stands erect in its righteousness, and is radiantly white with the purity which springs from the root of faith, then it is indeed a thing of beauty in the eyes of both God and man. But if unbelief, like a worm at the root of the flower, eats away the strength of its faith, if it becomes crooked through unrighteousness, if its whiteness becomes spotted with the stains of transgressions, then, alas! its beauty perishes and it is like a wilted flower, an object to be pitied and condemned. Be careful, therefore, O Christian, of thy faith in these days of daring unbelief! Thy beauty, thy strength, thy life, depend upon thy faith.—Daniel Wise, D. D.

BEYOND TODAY.

"If we could know beyond today,
As God can see;
If all the clouds should roll away,
The shadows flee—
O'er present griefs we would not fret,
Each sorrow we would soon forget,
For many joys are waiting yet
For you and me."

Somebody of a psychological turn of mind once asked Lord Roseberry: "What is memory?"

"Memory," Roseberry replied, promptly, but somewhat pensively, "memory is the feeling that steals over us when we listen to our friends' original stories."—Philadelphia Record.

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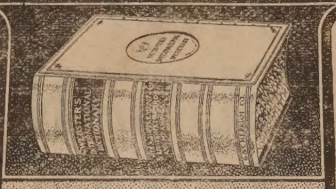

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